than he did? And the poor untutored
misguided child of nature, that has comm
some mad act of indiscretion, in a he
moment of his life and has beaten his t
ever since, in repentance, to find shelter ir
mad house at last; who but a mother could
for such as those? Who but the mother
know the tender spots or the burning bri
in the recesses of their hearts, so as to alle
their pain, or minimise their sorrow; even
tender look, or a soft touch, or a sweet w
This reminds me of a song in Bengalee T
composed, I believe, by Rabi Babu him
which I should like to quote here, rendered
English, however badly. "Sabai chhere
nahi jar keha" etc.
'The wretch forlorn, with none,
"In all this wide wide world to call his c
"With shelter none; out in the streets he ti
"For such thine heart, for such thine horn
"For, such as those, Thou cans't not disov
AH these years of hard manual la
with nothing to hope for, nothing to enjoy,

told on my nerves so very badly that I fe though the very life-springs of my ea